The
COMMONWEAL

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"The Central Historical Issue"

IN THE advance text of an interview between Norman Thomas and A. Philip Randolph, to be given on various stations during the week of June 13, Mr. Thomas puts his finger squarely on what seems to us the truth about the racial tension between whites and Negroes in America. He says: "I have never known it worse. The reason is not that the objective situation is worse. Indeed we have made some improvements before the war and even during the war in reducing various hurtful discriminations, but progress even in getting rid of the shame of lynching has been too slow to keep up with the rise in resentment." And Mr. Randolph, a leader of his people, also puts his finger squarely on what we believe to be profoundly true. "The question of color and race in my opinion has become the central historical issue of these times."

In the light of the high seriousness with which every citizen should regard this broad question, we must welcome the heroic efforts of those who are trying to repeal our various Oriental exclusion acts. What bothers the Chinese and the Filipinos, what the Japanese use for propaganda, is not the fact that under our quota laws, with the exclusion acts repealed, a mere handful of Orientals would be admitted to this country. What bothers them is the present discrimination in principle against their "race." Brooks Atkinson in a Chungking dispatch to the New York *Times* quotes the Central News's "inspired" interview with "an expert on international relations." "The question underlying" the proposed repeal of the exclusion acts "is not one solely concerning the right of admission of Chinese immigrants into the United States, but whether the Washington government is prepared to accord treatment to the Chinese people on the basis of equality and reciprocity."

We must also welcome the formation of a new Committee on Fair Employment Practice by President Roosevelt. This not only because Monsignor Francis J. Haas has been named its chairman, but because the Executive Order setting up the new committee specifically recognizes that there has been discrimination "in regard to hire, tenure, terms or conditions of employment, or union membership because of race, creed, color or national origin." And also because the new agency will be independent of the War Manpower Commission and will directly form a part of the Office for Emergency Management, under the President.

Welcome is the resolution adopted at the May 29 meeting of the Northeastern Clergy Conference on Negro Welfare, an organization made up of Catholic priests (most of them pastors of churches with large numbers of Negro parishioners) in the states of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is especially significant since the resolution was likewise signed by Bishop Griffin of Trenton, his Vicar General and his Secretary. ". . . We re-echo the justifiable indignation of our thousands of parishioners and expressly protest: (1) against the sectional prejudice so evident at Camp Stewart, Georgia, and at Drew Field, Florida; (2) against the 'Jim-Crowism' prevalent in these and in numerous other camps throughout the land; (3) against the rampant injustices of allowing many restaurateurs to refuse food and service to Negro soldiers and sailors. . . . Even now our boys hate to face their local draft boards—they are not afraid to fight—but they know that anti-Negro discrimination is altogether too prevalent in all branches of the service."

This round-up could do worse than finish with a quotation from a short article written by a Negro Red Cross worker in England and published in *The Outpost*. It smacks a little naively of the social worker, but for that it is all the more touching.

> We are fiercely proud of these soldiers—the Negro Americans. We learned upon our arrival that these troops were welcomed by the British people. All of them have been working hard; many in isolated spots, under pioneer conditions. Despite this, they are good-humored, pleasant and genial. They have dignity, so we are told by others. Those of us who have done social work in America think of the pleas we have made at home for fair treatment as a cure for social delinquency. Here in the British Isles, where our men are treated simply and directly as human beings, we have seen the disappearance of anti-social behavior

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Canning the Planners

IT IS interesting, and perhaps a sign of progress, that our American Tories no longer condemn economic planning as such, but only certain "vicious" kinds of planning which they are good enough to warn us against as being "socialistic." When, for example, Congress disemboweled the National Resources Planning Board last week, Senator Taft took pains to insist "that he was not opposed to post-war planning and reminded the Senate that he now was serving on the special Senate Post-War Planning Committee headed by Senator George of Georgia."

The NRPB asked for $1,400,000 and the House voted last February to give it exactly nothing. Last week the Senate condemned it to a lingering death by slipping it a handout of $200,000 to be spent for "cooperation with State and local planning agencies." The vote was 44 to 31, with 17 Democrats voting in the majority, four Republicans and one Progressive with the minority.

And so without fanfare or lament dies the present hope of an intelligent, self-disciplined America based on an economy of abundance. Congress has served official notice that it has flunked its exam on the lesson of the Great Depression. We hereby make a prediction, with fear and trembling and no self-satisfaction at all, that it will take at least one more Great Depression to drive any real sense into the heads of American legislators.

In the Senate debate Senator Taft also referred to the Board's reports as "a combination of hooey and false promises," and another opponent labeled them "partly socialism and partly the product of a dangerous imagination." We would like to bet that not more than ten, and probably less, of the 44 gentlemen who voted against the Board (many of them Southern Democrats) had actually read its reports, which are in fact probably too conservative in their economic thinking. The only thing they knew, or needed to know, was that the NRPB had recommended various effective controls over the business man's right to make the most of a good thing. Obviously, this was socialism.

It was also discouraging to note, at least from press accounts, that there was no one to stand up in the Senate and fling the "hooey" resoundingly back into the faces of Senators Taft, Tydings, Byrd, Overton and friends. The defenders of intelligence were apparently calm, objective, and mostly defensive in their expression. But what Congress needs, in our opinion, is somebody along the lines of an Old Testament prophet—somebody that can make the reactionaries sweat in their sleep.

Well, we shall wait and see what the "special Senate Post-War Planning Committee headed by Senator George of Georgia" has to offer. Not much, we're afraid. In fact, here is another prediction: any plan that is slippery enough to get out of the hands of that august committee will be nothing more or less than a neat little blueprint for anarchy. Just as long as it isn't "socialistic," however, who are we to complain?

Languishing in Committee?

WHAT has become of Res. 114, the bi-partisan Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution committing the United States to some form of active participation in the governance of the post-war world? And for that matter the question also applies to the seven or eight other Congressional resolutions in the same vein not yet acted upon. The last we heard they were all in the hands of a Senate Foreign Affairs subcommittee headed by Senator Tom Connally of Texas. To hasten our military victory and assure the peace-loving peoples of the security and plenty which should be the fruits of victory Congress must not delay in taking an affirmative stand.

Those who feel that there is no hurry about it can point to the internationalist tone of certain current commencement speeches, the weekly dissemination of the Federal Council of Churches' peace program "pillar" by "pillar" in the nation's press, the talks of Wendell Willkie, Henry Wallace and Sumner Welles. They might even cite the Hoover-Gibson series currently running in *Collier's*. And the nation's peace organizations never have seemed more active. Hopes that the United States will not return to isolation are strong; they are much in the public mind. American determination to prevent future wars has never been more alive. We are willing to commit ourselves now to joint responsibility in the post-war world. But the silence in the committee chambers in Washington is chilling.

Meanwhile, now that ultimate military victory seems more assured, the isolationists are back in full cry. Senator Robert P. Taft insists upon no surrender of national sovereignty. Adherents of "America First" picket Mr. Willkie. George Sokolsky kicks about Flag Day becoming United Nations Day this year. While columnist David Lawrence detects in Mr. Welles's latest comments the idea of postponing to an indefinite future the constituting of an international organization with power to enforce the peace. These are only a few publicized portents of a growing feeling. Every people is by nature isolationist; in America, bounded by two oceans and blessed with wealth and power, the sentiment is even deeper. The new isolationism is gathering strength for the day when war pressure is over.

That is why Congressional action now, while the American people are highly aware of the need for cooperating actively with other nations, is of key importance. Page Senator Connally!

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The Saloon

YOU TURN a lever at the foot of a hospital bed and the head goes up; you turn another lever and the feet go up: when someone is lying in bed and the days are very long this makes for a change. When the head is down the patient looks at the ceiling, when the head is up the patient looks at the unfinished cathedral of Saint John the Divine if the room is on that side of the hospital, or the patient looks at a row of tenements and at the women in the tenements who lean on the window sills and look down into the street at their children playing there. When the patient is tired of looking at the cathedral or at the tenements, when the patient with closed eyes looks at a village street in Italy, looks at the river Seine, looks at the lake of Geneva, looks at the castle of Chillon, looks at Hyde Park in London; when the patient leaves the unreality of illness and with closed eyes looks at the unbreakable, immutable certainties of life and memory, you stop turning the levers of the hospital bed and you go out for a drink.

Within the limits of what you can do with the levers the patients in the hospital lie flat; they move a hand; they turn their head so as to change its position on the pillow; everything they do is done with great precaution, slowly. The children in the street are on roller skates; they have made little racing cars out of a box placed on wheels; they race shouting down the street, dashing through the outfield and the infield of the ball game, interrupting the little girls at hop-scotch, interrupted themselves by the passing taxi, forming again their pattern when the taxi has passed, as gulls settling in the wake of a passing ship. In the hospital the patients lie silent and move only with precaution, slowly. You go from the slow deliberate ritual of illness through the clamor and confusion of the play in the street and then you are quiet again in O'Connell's saloon. There are six men in the saloon standing at the bar. Outside the saloon heavy trucks rumble past and when they have gone by the saloon is quiet again. The men stand motionless at the bar; look at the bottles neatly arranged back of the bar; look at the mirror and see the mirror; look into the mirror and see themselves; change focus and see in the mirror the unfinished cathedral of Saint John the Divine.

They are going to put two towers on it, they are ahead of schedule, no, they are not ahead of schedule, they only build when they get the money, I go there once a year and I give them five dollars but the Catholics go to church every week, they go on weekdays and every time it's fifty cents, sixty cents, a dollar and that makes twenty-five dollars, fifty dollars, sixty dollars a year and so how can you build a great big church like that for people like me? It is going to be a great big church like the churches on the other side. I've seen the church in Milan, I've seen the great church in Paris on the island and the church in London on the hill. I suppose they're bombing them all now.

There is one man talking and the trucks go by and then you can't hear and then the man says I have a tiled bathroom and a living room and two beds and the man next to him says and where is the kitchen and the man says there is no kitchen I eat out and I have nine dollars' worth of canned meat in case of fire. I take a bath every night and I have the cans stacked up in a closet in case of fire. I'll tell you what it was like when I was in Rome. There was a shop in the street where there was a boiling pot of oil and they would roll the rice and the meat into a cake the size of a little girl's fist and then they would drop it in the oil and fish it out and you would eat it on a piece of paper standing there in the shop. And this is how it was in France. The priest would come out of the church and the people who were at Mass and it would be five or half past on three mornings of May and they would carry the banners and walk through the village and the people who were late would come out of the houses and join the procession and then they would go into the fields singing the litany of all the saints, the famous saints in heaven, the saints who were the early martyrs; they would go through all the fields that belonged to people of the village; they would circle through the fields following the priest and the banners and singing the litanies, asking for the proper proportion of moisture and air so that the wheat would grow. And this is how it was in England. You joined a bicycle club and a day like this there would be thirty of you, the boys and the girls, riding out of London in the early morning and first you would be on the great highways with the motors and the charabancs and then you would get off on the winding lanes and down to the river and your girl would lie in the punt and you would be on the quiet water in the shade under the trees that leaned out over the river from the bank. The girl would be resting on a red and white striped cushion and you would not talk much and you would let your hand rest on the surface of the water. And this is how it was always and everywhere in the past, how it was always and everywhere outside of this world, how it is always in the quiet heart, when you can hold the memories.

The men in the saloon stand there at the bar and a man will be talking quietly about the past and the other men will stand there listening and holding on to the past in their hearts, the incommunicable and enduring past, and the trucks rumble by and there is silence again.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Sergeants' Mess

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, JR.

DURING a year of volunteer ambulance driving for the British forces in the Middle East one of my happiest posts was with a company of Royal Engineers stationed in the foothills of Mount Hermon in the Lebanon near the borders of Syria and Palestine. My job was to drive the ill and the hurt over twisting mountainous roads to a general hospital on the seacoast near the site of ancient Sidon.

The privates of the company were Palestinians, that is, Jews who had emigrated from all parts of Europe and at various times to Palestine, and who were now fighting for the United Nations in British uniform. The officers and sergeants were mostly British. It was fascinating and most surprising to see that the rigid British Army system, which I had felt at first was peculiarly English and quite incomprehensible from an American democratic point of view—particularly in the sharp distinction between Officers, NCO's, and Other Ranks—could be in fact, acceptable to people of totally alien temperament. And this, under unusual and difficult conditions: the Jewish soldiers were not conscripts; they were voluntary members of His Majesty's forces; moreover most of them had been and were exceedingly critical of Great Britain's policy in Palestine. For the Palestinian Jews want first of all to have their own army. But forbidden this, they still fight Britain's war, feeling in many ways it is theirs too, and hoping their service may win concessions from the British government when the war is ended. It will be then, they feel, that the showdown with the Arabs will come; most of them expect bitter fighting to break out again in Palestine. Meanwhile—at a minimum—they are getting valuable military training.

The Royal Engineers were engaged in the construction of defenses. The country was accustomed to seeing foreigners build forts. Long ago the Crusaders had controlled this region by fortresses on the tops of the more impregnable hills; these indomitable ruins still lay around us like the jagged stumps of worn-down teeth. One in particular, at Merdjayoun, had been a bone of much contention between Christians and Infidels and had changed hands several times after prolonged and bitter sieges; it kept watch over caravan routes from Sidon and Tyre on the coastal plain to Damascus across the mountains. The Crusader policy of isolated and monitory strong points suggested interesting comparisons with the strategy of the work which our company of Royal Engineers was doing. The British Army used native labor on a large scale, and the Jewish soldiers of our company were especially capable at organizing and prodding on the Arabs whose work they supervised. Most of them had learned to speak Arabic, and their experience in employing natives on the farms and factories of Palestine had given them a knack for getting the feckless and the shifty to work steadily. It was hopeful to note that the Jews got on famously with these natives.

I ate at the sergeants' mess, of which I was an honorary member. Whenever British soldiers settle in anywhere for more than a few days, the fundamental disciplinary distinction between officers, NCO's, and men imposes itself on their social existence. One of the first jobs is to find space for an officers' mess, for a sergeants' mess, sometimes, but usually only when the unit is very large, for a corporals' mess, and for a men's mess. The Mess, particularly in the case of officers and sergeants, is not merely an eating-place. It is the hub of off-parade life. It sometimes includes sleeping quarters; it is always the place where one spends the evening of leisure, writing letters or reading, if the paraffin lamp is powerful enough, but more often talking, listening to news on the wireless, playing darts (sergeants) or bridge (officers), and drinking beer, whiskey, or gin. Our mess was the second floor of a native stone house. We had one large room, where we ate and foregathered, a kitchen, and two or three small bedrooms where some of the sergeants slept; the rest of us lived in tents nearby.

That sergeants' mess in the Lebanon was interesting because it differed somewhat from the normal pattern. The company was scattered, and this meant that our group, numbering anywhere from six to fifteen, varied from meal to meal and from evening to evening, as they could get away from their jobs. The Jewish sergeants gave the mess a cosmopolitan tinge. Two were of Russian birth; one had studied at the Imperial Russian staff college, fought in rearguard actions of the White Armies in their retreat toward the Black Sea, and had been wounded in hand-to-hand fighting with an Arab while on guard at a settlement in "the time of the troubles," as they always called the civil warfare between Arabs and Jews. The chief clerk of the company held a Ph.D. from the University of Brussels; he was the only Jew I met in the company who was not an ardent Zionist. A Rumanian Jew was in charge of the M.I. Room (i.e., medical inspection post, which was visited once a week by a medical officer from the hospital). The Ph.D. was the only Jew (or, indeed, the only member of the mess) who had an intellectual or professional background. The others had worked for the most part on the fine cooperative farms and orange plantations of Palestine, which are such a solid answer to the antisemitic claim that the Jew is innately and inevitably a money-grubber. Our two mess-privates were German Jews; and the cooking, done by a young

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blonde carpenter from Hannover, was the best I ever tasted in the British Army. The British sergeants themselves were of different nationalities: besides the English, there were three Welshmen and one Scot. The great and satisfying thing about this polyglot was the friendly and humorous way we were all aware of our national backgrounds and yet not bothered by them. The only acrimonious debate on a racial theme that I can recall was between two Englishmen about Ireland.

There were other units of the British Army near us; and to the question how the British and Jewish soldiers got along together I should say: they do not like each other, but they can work together. Language is of course a major barrier. Most of the Jews had only a smattering of English; but they were picking it up, and it used to be amusing to hear characteristically British expressions of pith or obscenity crop out in a stream of voluble Hebrew. And they seemed to get a great kick out of the occasional "concert party," a kind of music hall or vaudeville performance sent us by the army's entertainment branch. In situations imposing intimacy, such as the sergeants' mess, Jews and Britons did learn to understand and like each other cordially. Yet even there the temperamental inclination was noticeable: our sociable evenings of beer, talk, darts, or "Tombola" (a kind of Bingo) to raise money for a Christmas dinner were rarely attended by the Jewish sergeants; they preferred to read or to talk to their own men in Hebrew, which they are striving to make a universal language in Palestine. But they would join us at nine o'clock for the news and for supper of bread, cheese, and raw onions, though they preferred tea then to our beer. Their favorite recreation came on trips every other week or so to a Jewish cooperative settlement just across the border for a dance or a Hebrew play performed by a troupe of traveling actors from Jerusalem.

The man to whom credit is due for the happy situation in our mess and for the generally smooth relations between the officers and their men was the company sergeant-major, a tough, jut-jawed, red-faced, bull-necked veteran of the last war. He was from the Midlands, a tinsmith in "Civvy Street," and full of English provincial prejudices. His public recreation was beer and vulgar talk about sex; his private recreation was religion (C. of E.). Though the "sarn't major's" accent was quite often incomprehensible even to his countrymen, his good humor, fairness, and the feeling of respect which he inspired in men who came up against him made his mastery of the company complete. For most of us he was our immediate boss, as is generally true of British Army sergeant-majors, who handle many matters of administrative detail and are crucial intermediaries between the rather aloof officers and the NCO's and men. He had amazing tact and skill in dealing with touchy personal matters, which might be exacerbated by racial differences. He kept us all on our toes at our jobs. (Such was my respect for him that I once carried on servicing my ambulance while wearing my respirator for an anti-gas drill). And he had a very paternal concern for the mess. He saw to it that we had excellent and abundant food, the regular army issue of rations being supplemented by local vegetables and fruits; and he showed great generalship in keeping the mess well stocked with good Australian and Canadian beer.

There are many angles from which one can see what the war is doing to people. When I try to recall some of my more vivid impressions of Britain's M. E. F. (Middle East Forces), it is not always of Tobruk or Alamein that I think, or of the general political implications of the job that the British Army is doing in the Levantine countries which it occupies; but of our sergeants' mess on the borders of ancient Galilee. Perhaps we are watching from our narrow balcony the sunset colors on Mount Hermon's glorious mother-of-pearl bulk. Perhaps it is Sunday evening, and sitting on either side of the oblong oilcloth-covered table we are having a "hymn-sing," as the sarn't-major called our weekly efforts at ribald song. Or we are arguing hotly about trades-union affairs, communism, religion, strategy at Stalingrad or in the Western Desert. Or we are trying to decide which was England's most glorious period. This discussion was provoked by miscellaneous questions about English history by a Jewish sergeant who had just been reading Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel" and its surprising conclusion was the selection of the reign of Edward VII, because, one sarn't said, men then had so much flair and dash, witness their luxuriant mustaches and high collars and because, the sergeant-major and the almost elderly quartermaster-sergeant agreed, those were days of cheap beer and meals and days when there was little strife.

In the vast chaos of war, there are such islands of civility, where men absorb the terrific experiences of war and travel, and where new understandings and awarenesses come to birth.

Flower, Breast, Music, Love

Flower, breast, music, love,
These I mingle in my sleep:
There is no way to single them,
They lie so deep.
Where one begins and other ends,
A greater scholar must devise:
The imminent flower in the limbs,
The immediate flower in the eyes.

Tom Boggs.

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Peace With Justice

A bishop looks at the coming peace.

By the Most Reverend **James H. Ryan**

PEACE will come some day. Everybody is vitally interested in what kind of peace it shall be. No one is more interested than the representatives of the Church, for they feel acutely that the kind of peace we shall get must be one of justice, if it is to endure.

There is much more than a sentimental tie between religion and peace. Religion, basically, has to do with values and motives. It is upon a correct reading of values that the principles underlying the coming peace must rest. A sound motivation is no less necessary for the full realization of these same principles.

In attempting to construct a program for the coming peace, principles are all important. The great trouble with many people is that they are trying to build a new world on the foundations solely of political facts, or of economic prejudices, or of nationalistic aspirations. But principles must come first, even in the international sphere. Their application to the realities, which we must face, is a task for statesmanship, not the Church.

It makes a great deal of difference to world peace what one believes about such things as nationalism, private ownership of property, the sacredness of human personality, liberty, disarmament, colonies, and a host of other things. In a word, it makes a great deal of difference what a person's religious beliefs are.

A Christian does not view peace in the same light as a Buddhist, a Shintoist, a Mohammedan, an atheistic communist, or a nazi socialist. The Buddhist is a non-violence pacifist, the Shintoist a believer in out-and-out-conquest, the Mohammedan in peace, but only for other Mohammedans. The atheistic communist accepts the doctrine of world-wide revolution until the peace of the proletariat can be established. A nazi socialist plans to conquer the world, in the interests of his theory of racial superiority. All these attitudes, even that of the nazi, stem from religious principles, but from religious principles whose basic values are false, and whose motivation is essentially crooked. Each one wants peace, but only according to the meaning he gives the term.

Because a peace based on false religious principles is unacceptable, it does not follow that every peace which comes to us out of religion, is likewise unacceptable. There are religions and religions. If a religion's teaching is sound, its peace program is likely to be no less sound. Moreover, a Christian peace program could be made acceptable to the non-Christian groups referred to above because of our insistence on universal justice and respect for the human person.

For these reasons we who believe that the teachings of Christianity are true, feel that we are on solid ground when we offer the world a peace program rooted in its doctrines. This is as applicable to Protestants as to Catholics. As a matter of fact, the different Christian religious bodies in England have accepted as their own, and wholeheartedly, the formulation of peace points made by Pope Pius XII in December, 1939. Is there any good reason why we cannot begin with these Peace Points, using them as a safe starting place for the planning of the kind of peace which Americans should accept?

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These Peace Points are not pious platitudes. They are very practical conclusions, drawn from Christian doctrine and reflecting, in their farthest reaches, the spirit of the teachings of Christ. I, for one, cannot agree that it is the task of the Church merely "to proclaim eternal verities in terms such that their practical significance is made plain; it will avoid sponsoring specifics that necessarily must be compromises compounded out of worldly knowledge." That the Church must proclaim "eternal verities," goes without saying. But I hold, and in this the Archbishop of Canterbury agrees, that the Church must, when necessary, descend to the market-place and even to the workshop to tell men plainly what is right and what is wrong about their aspirations or their deeds.

It is the mission of the Church, no less, to declare the justice or injustice of national economic policies. We may go a step further and hold that it is its job to determine the justice or injustice of even an international course of action. Men want a just peace, and the Church preaches a just peace. Justice in itself is an abstraction, but only in the realm of ethical thought. Wages, strikes, wars, territorial limits, the rights of minorities, are just or unjust objects. Compromises are not always unjust, nor need they be. Human knowledge can be true as it can be false. To rule

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out all compromise, and the processes of individual thought, in trying to arrive at justice in the concrete, seems an impossible undertaking.

World peace, when translated into other terms, means an ordered existence, both national and international, the consequence of which is tranquillity. In other words, peace means law. Peace between nations can only exist, if the nations themselves accept international law and are resolved to live by it. Out of international law there grows international order, of which security, prosperity, and happiness are the precious fruits.

We hear much of a "new order," and we must have one. All are agreed on that. Hitler claims that he has established this new order: but it is neither new, nor an order. It is old, and it is disorder. Established by the sword, it can only end by the sword. The really new order we look forward to is one of justice, of charity, and of peace. It is a Pax Christiana, not a Pax Germanica.

In order to achieve a peace that is both just and durable I believe that, first of all, we must acknowledge the right of every nation to independence and to security from external aggression. What peoples are nations shall be determined, to a large extent, by the verdict of past history. The nationhood of the vast majority of peoples, who form part of international society, has already been recognized. It is no great task to know who are and who are not nations. Where any doubt exists, it can be resolved in favor of the people asking for independence, or, if this is difficult to do at once, they can be encouraged to develop a sound nationalism, over a limited period of years, after which international recognition of their claims can be regarded as a matter of course.

Perverted concepts of nationalism should have no place in the new world we look forward to. Unlimited sovereignty is simply immoral: a ruthless nationalism no less so. Until the nations, which go to make up the international body of States, are ready to give up something of their own sovereignty in the interests of the common good, a lasting peace cannot become a reality.

With reference to colonies and so-called mandates, I advocate a special International Commission whose duty it shall be to govern these areas for a time, until they shall be prepared to accept and fulfill the obligations of independent nationhood.

There are those who sneer at the Wilsonian principle of self-determination for small peoples, and call it utopian. The cold historical fact is that the principle was not put into operation and never given a chance to prove itself. In upholding the right of peoples to determine their own form of government, one need not, at the same time, affirm that he believes in a multiplicity of small impotent States, who are quite often a source of trouble to themselves and to their larger, more powerful neighbors. On the other hand, on no principles except those of geo-politics, must we assume that only the Great Powers have the right to exist and to prosper.

I believe that a special International Tribunal of Justice should be set up to try and to punish, when convicted, all war criminals, not only those who wantonly started the war, but also those who have waged war in a savage and inhuman manner. It shall fall, too, to this Court to determine the damage which certain States have suffered unjustly, and the amount of reparation which must be paid them and their citizens.

The complete and total disarmament of the vanquished must be a first consequence of any sound peace program. Disarmament, however, should not be uni-lateral. Even the victor, from the very beginning, must show his good will by disarming, up to a certain point. An International Disarmament Commission, whose function it should be to see that the aggressor nations are disarmed, and are kept disarmed, is a plain necessity of common sense.

Militarism, in every shape and form, must be uprooted from this world. To accomplish such a purpose nothing short of a crusade of spiritual disarmament can hope to succeed. The press, the radio, the school, and the pulpit must carry on, unitedly, a veritable war against the vicious principles of militarism. It is upon the shoulders of the Church, above every other agency, that shall fall the onerous duty of changing men's thoughts from war to those of peace.

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If we are to have a healthy international life we must have international organization. That the League of Nations was not a full success does not mean that a new Society of Nations is foredoomed to failure. Whatever the errors and failures of the past, let us hope that mankind has learnt something from them. Whether this new Society of Nations is to be composed of member States, including the vanquished, or of regional Confederations of States is a matter of policy, to be decided at the Peace Table. That a Society of Nations must exist is a sine qua non of world peace.

An International Court of Justice must be set up to interpret, to change, and to implement international agreements, even treaties between nations. It should be given full power to enforce its decisions. In other words, some sort of International Police Force must also be established.

Many think, especially in our own country, that the definite peace treaty should not be signed for a number of years after the end of the war. This seems the part of wisdom, and exhibits, at the same time, a fine feeling for the demands of justice between nations. Revisions of the peace

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terms are sure to be necessary. The more open we leave the peace terms, the more likely they are to become permanent and acceptable to all.

One of the great sources of international misunderstanding has always been the question of minorities. Minorities, linguistic, racial, or religious have rights, but such rights are limited. The State must recognize these rights, and do all that it can, in a spirit of justice and of good will, to meet the reasonable demands of the minorities who go to make up its population. To protect the rights of minorities no less than the rights of the States, a permanent International Commission on Minorities should be set up after the war, with power to investigate, supervise, advise and implement its findings with sanctions, even that of force, should such become necessary.

One of the principal causes of friction between nations has been economic. Justice demands that every people be given free access to the raw materials of the world on an equal basis, and that unfair discriminatory trade barriers be not erected by any group of peoples against another group. On the other hand, reciprocal trade agreements between nations in which the rights of the weak and the less prosperous are protected must become part and parcel of international society. A workable banking union, on an international basis, is no less a desideratum for the economic protection and prosperity of all States. That the nations can come to an agreement as to the value and use of the different national currencies depends as much on good will and a sense of fairness as on any purely monetary philosophy.

The Church fully realizes that a workable peace program must be, in the last analysis, the concrete expression of one's attitude towards justice. It has, therefore, drawn from the depths of its own sense of justice, and somewhat in detail, the blueprint of the machinery which it looks upon as necessary to the bringing about of a durable peace. The final picture it leaves to the statesmanship of the world, to the men who shall sit around the Peace Table, to complete. If they follow the main lines laid down by the Church, we are convinced that a just and lasting peace will of itself follow.

The Church, however, is not unaware that, no matter how seemingly workable any peace machinery may appear to be, it is always machinery. Without the animating force of religion to give it life, we cannot place too much hope in it. It is men, not machinery, who will bring about and carry on in the ways of peace. To make a new world we must, first of all, make new men. That is the awesome task of religion in the world which lies ahead. Until men, literally, hunger and thirst after justice, until they are ready to make even heroic sacrifices, in order to be just towards one another, until they have learnt to substitute for the law of the jungle the law of Christian love, we cannot look forward, with confidence, to the reign of peace among nations.

I firmly believe that the Church is anxious and ready to embark on this modern crusade for a better world. It has already sent out, in clarion tones, the challenge to all who believe in Christ. Shall they take up the challenge? To a bishop of the Church it is unthinkable that any group of men that believes in justice—and Christians believe in justice—should refuse, no matter what the cost, to do all that lies within their power to make this world what the Master so clearly wished it to be, "His Kingdom of peace and of love."

Trouble in Bolivia

The truth about the tin workers.

By **Martin C. Kyne**

EVERYBODY knows that when the Japanese took the East Indies, America had to look elsewhere for the tin and rubber that are so essential to the war effort. Bolivia had some rubber and plenty of tin, not to mention tungsten, antimony and quinine. Suddenly Bolivia became an important element in our war economy, and in December, 1942, a few days before last Christmas, even more suddenly Bolivia became an international scandal.

A strike of 7,000 tin miners had occurred at the Patiño mines in Catavi, the workers demanding 100 percent increase in pay. By way of answer the union leaders were thrown in jail, government troops were sent to suppress the strike, and on December 21 these troops used a trench mortar, machine guns, and rifle fire to disperse a strike demonstration of 8,000 men, women and children. Officially it was announced that 19 were killed and 40 wounded, all workers, but one union leader who was on the spot declared that at least 400 were buried that day.

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As a result of the reverberation arising from letters exchanged between Ernesto Galanza, labor director of the Pan American Union, and Sumner Welles, the Bolivian government invited the U. S. Department of State to send a group of experts who, with a group of Bolivian officials, would form a joint commission to study working conditions in Bolivia and make recommendations. As a representative of the CIO I had the honor of being a member of this commission, which included representatives of the AFL, American business, government, and the bar, plus four officials of the Bolivian government. The American members of the commission received a very mixed reception, one spokesman for the mine owners saying, "We have got plenty of demagogues in our own country and do not need to import any from abroad." Many of the newspapers took this same tone, stating either that the Americans had not been invited by the government or that their presence in Bolivia was just another case of Yankee violation of South American independence. Actually, however, this attitude helped more than it hindered, since the workers interviewed became much more anxious to speak frankly when they learned that the employers and employer-controlled newspapers did not like us.

The commission learned a good deal in the course of its five week investigation, but what will concern us mostly here is the background of those terrible events at Catavi. It must be stated in passing that, in spite of frequent promises to the contrary, the commission was never permitted to speak to the imprisoned union leaders. I might add that the report of the Joint Commission is a matter of public record with the State Department, and that anyone who thinks I am too harsh in my conclusions would do well to consult it.

The land-locked "republic" of Bolivia has three geographical divisions: the Andean plateau—bleak, desolate, treeless, dominated by majestic snow-capped peaks like Illimani—the region of the tin mines; the Yungas—picturesque mountain valleys that lead like gigantic steps down from the *cordillera;* the Lyanos of the east—thousands of square miles of fertile plains and forbidding jungles in the basin of the Amazon. In the highlands is Lake Titicaca with an area of over 3,000 square miles, the highest navigable lake in the world. During the rainy season the eastern lowlands lose contact with the midlands and the west, the journey overland from Santa Cruz to Cochabamba taking as much as 40 days. The lowlands look to the east; the highlands look to the west; the midlands look to themselves. The railroads are inadequate and roads almost non-existent; transportation is a major headache throughout the country.

The population of this enormous country is less than 3,500,000, more than half of whom are pure Indian, less than a million mestizos of mixed blood, and about half a million whites. It is the Indian population which provides the manpower for the mines, factories, *haciendas* (plantations), and the army. For centuries the Indian has been set apart, almost as a necessary evil, somewhat as the Negro is set apart in this country. He lives in a state of almost incredible poverty and squalor; as a worker his normal span of life is about 30 years. But he carries his poverty with great dignity, silent contempt for his white master, and a hatred that occasionally boils over in overt acts of resistance to exploitation and repression.

The deliberate lack of educational opportunities has kept the Indian ignorant. In 1940 there were only about 120,000 children in the primary schools and 6,000 in the secondary schools, and most of these institutions are of a very low order. Boys and girls leave school at the age of seven, eight and nine to learn a trade, to tend the sheep in the pastures or to sort rocks in the mines. In recent years there was a movement to create a system of vocational schools for the Indians, but that effort was literally sabotaged by the powerful landlords and industrialists. As a result 75 percent of the people of Bolivia are illiterate.

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In 1942 the average wage of workers in the Catavi mines was about 36 bolivianos a day or 85 American cents. The boliviano is worth 2.38 cents at the present rate of exchange, but it is only fair to add that in the *pulperias* (company stores) of the Aramayo mines workers can get a pound of coffee for 2 bolivianos and a pound of dried beans for .60 boliviano. It is true that this average at Catavi is well above the general Bolivian average. According to official Bolivian figures 10 out of 17 miners were earning less than 71 cents a day U.S.; only 417 out of 17,348 were earning more than 95 cents a day. Although conditions vary a good deal from mine to mine, it is still impossible for the Bolivian miner and his family to obtain anything like an adequate diet on these wages. His present fare consists mostly of maize, wheat, barley, potatoes and other root plants, with a very low consumption of meats, vegetables, fruit and milk.

The miners' homes are provided by the large mining companies in row houses, usually of one room, with an outside kitchen. Often a single room provides shelter for more than one family. Sanitary installations are at a premium, and in one camp there were several hundred row houses without a single toilet. On the outskirts of Oruro, at the edge of the city, miners' families have no sanitary facilities other than the open hillside close to the mines. In the smaller mines things are even worse. According to our commission report, "In some cases in the small mines the

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worker has nothing more than a small hut measuring about 7 by 10 feet, with an old sack for a door and a leaky roof made of scraps of old tin. There is often no system for the removal of garbage, which is simply dumped into the streets."

In the mines themselves there is almost a complete absence of safety devices, ventilation, etc., and the rate of death from accidents, silicosis and tuberculosis is unbelievably high. An average of 7,000 workers are incapacitated permanently every year, most of them being victims of silicosis.

Although Bolivian law guarantees the right of collective bargaining and the right to strike, it actually nullifies both of these rights by further provisions that no union can exist legally until it includes 50 percent of the workers in a particular enterprise, that state labor inspectors shall attend union meetings "and supervise its activities," and that no union can call a strike until 75 percent of the workers involved have given their approval. In actual fact collective bargaining does not exist in Bolivia at all, and in the entire country there was not, to the best of my knowledge, a single genuine written collective contract in effect. In the words of the commission: "There is an almost total absence of the kind of straightforward collective bargaining that is an accepted feature of modern democratic communities." The commission attributed this "unsatisfactory situation" to three causes: "the reserved and suspicious attitude that is often adopted by the authorities; the economic control that is exercised by the many enterprises over their employees; and the fundamental hostility of the employers."

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It is only natural therefore that the labor movement in Bolivia should be in a very weak and wobbly condition. Dues revenue is so low that there is not enough money for any paid officials, and the chief elective officer, the Secretary General, must work at his trade during the day and try to build an organization in his off hours. The Union of Industrial Workers (*Union de Trabajadores Fabriles*) and the Railway and Transport Union are the only ones that can be considered as labor organizations in the European or North American sense of the word. Some of the mines are partially unionized, but their weakness is indicated by the fact that the employers claimed, probably with some justice, that of the 7,000 miners at Catavi only 400 were actually members of the union. There are other unions of teachers and chauffeurs and there is a national federation called *Confederacion Sindical de Trabajadores de Bolivia,* referred to by its initials, CSTB, but there is no effective collaboration on a national scale. In fact, labor leaders cannot go anywhere without a special permit and are under constant surveillance by the police.

Another important characteristic of the Bolivian labor movement is that it has been more or less closely identified with political parties of the left. From my own observation, however, it did not appear that the Communist Party had any real strength among Bolivian workers or their leaders. Nevertheless, advantage has been taken of this leftist tendency by the enemies of labor, who make it appear that the labor movement is nothing but a pretense for subversive political activity. Personally, I feel that the wonder is that the situation in Bolivia has not produced more labor leaders of the extremist and radical type.

In contrast to the pathetic flimsiness of labor organization in Bolivia we find that the employers, and especially the tin mine operators, are very well organized indeed. Shortly before the Catavi incident mine owners held a national convention at which they laid the foundation of their united front. After the incident the Big Three—Patiño, Hochschild, and Aramayo—actually met in New York to plan their joint strategy. These three, incidentally, control 79 percent of Bolivian tin production, 7 percent being produced by the Aramayo mines, 25 percent by Hochschild (an Austrian), and 47 percent by the Tin King himself, Simón Patiño, owner of the Catavi mines. Enormously wealthy, Patiño has not lived in his own country since 1924. He has spent most of his later life in the bright spots of Europe, living in luxury as a diplomatic representative of Bolivia, and more recently he has been staying at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. He holds 30 percent of the stock of a Delaware corporation which has a capitalization of $50,000,000 and owns 150 mining concessions. Señor Patiño is very well fixed.

One might think that perhaps the unfortunate workers of Bolivia could secure some relief from their oppression by appealing to the government. Unfortunately, an impartial observer cannot conclude otherwise than that the régime of President Enrique Peñaranda is little more than a political front for Bolivian industrialists, particularly the Big Three, and more particularly the Patiño interests. As an illustration of this intimate cooperation we might look at the events leading up to the strike and massacre at Catavi last December.

On September 30, 1942, the Union of Workers of Divers Industries (*Sindicato de Trabajadores de Oficios Varios*) of Catavi presented a written demand for a 100 percent increase in wages to the Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Inc. Their reasons were that current wages were inadequate for decent living, that the operators were getting a higher price for tin from America, and that company stores were evading price ceilings by overcharging on their unfixed products. In accordance with the law, a copy of the petition was mailed to the Ministry of Labor.

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Time passed and the management refused to give a categorical answer to the demands. The Ministry of Labor delayed 45 days in acknowledging receipt of the union's communication. Finally the union sent a delegation to La Paz to make representations directly to the Ministry. Three weeks more passed while the committee waited in the capital. In American labor circles this kind of treatment is usually called "the run-around." Later I was to see with my own eyes the copy of a telegram sent by the Patiño central office in La Paz to the manager of the Catavi mines: "The President of the Republic (Peñaranda) informs us that in Potosí (the department that includes Catavi) a miners' strike committee has been formed, but assures us that preventive measures have been taken and suggests vigilance in order to report these agitators. With much discretion please cooperate with the authorities."

On November 27, two months after the union had presented its demands, the vice-president of Patiño Mines, J. E. Rivera, wrote a letter to the Inspector General of Labor in which he stated that by law the Catavi union was non-existent because it contained far less than 50 percent of the workers, that the wage demands in reality masked a political attack on the government, that there was danger of a general strike and revolution, that the government should declare a state of siege in the Catavi area, and that the wage demands were unreasonable because they would promote inflation. *President Roosevelt was quoted to give additional persuasion to this last argument.* Subsequently, the other tin producers sent a letter to the Ministry giving full support to the Patiño position.

On the same date, and without any delay whatever, the Ministry acknowledged receipt of Rivera's letter and asked that the Patiño interests appoint a representative for an arbitration board, as provided by law, so that the Catavi dispute might be settled peacefully. Although they should doubtless have been sure of a favorable decision, the Patiño management flatly refused to appoint such a representative and simply repeated its former arguments. Here indeed was an opportunity for the government to exert its authority and insist that the Patiño interests yield to justice and the common good. Instead of this President Peñaranda sent a telegram to Colonel Cuenca, who was in command of the troops that had already been sent to Catavi, stating that any strike at Catavi was "inadmissible," and that Colonel Cuenca should proceed to take action against all violators, placing them under military jurisdiction, and that the government was confident that he, Cuenca, would avoid interruption of production which would injure the country, *now obligated by international agreements.* The Minister of Labor also advised Cuenca that if persuasive measures

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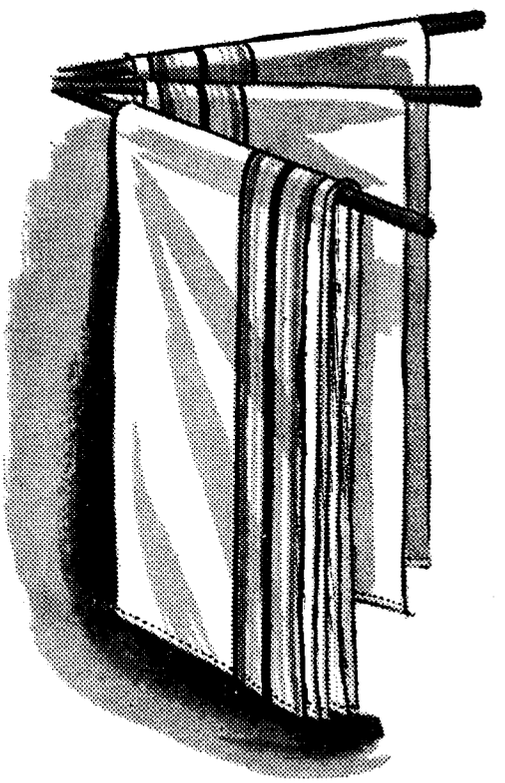

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failed, he should "proceed with energy to repress all violence."

Meanwhile the miners' committee, realizing that further negotiation with either employers or government was hopeless, returned from La Paz to Catavi and announced that a strike would go into effect on December 14. On December 13 Colonel Cuenca arrested all the officers of the union, and on that same day seven miners were killed or wounded when they demanded that their leaders should be released. In spite of the fact that, according to Rivera, only 400 miners belonged to the union, work in the mines came to a complete stop on the following day. There was apparently no violence between the 15th and the 20th, and still none of the 7,000 miners could be persuaded to return to the mines. On December 21 more troops arrived, bringing the total to 700 soldiers. The troops refused to permit women to appear on the streets or to go in search of food. Finally, it was announced that the company stores had been closed. A group of miners started for the office of the management and were met with gunfire; 35 fell dead and wounded. Thereupon the miners from Llallagua and the Twentieth Century Mine, some 8,000 men, women and children, converged on a place called La Pampa near Catavi. It was at this point that Colonel Cuenca's troops opened up with a trench mortar, machine guns and rifles. Firing continued from 10 A.M. until 3 P.M., with the results noted at the beginning of this article. The Patiño interests and the Peñaranda government had, between them, effectively broken the strike.

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It is easy to conclude from all this that, well, Bolivia is far away and it is a very poor, backward country and even if it were our business, which it isn't, there is little or nothing that we could do about it. The joint commission has made a great many recommendations of a social, economic and educational nature, and the Bolivian government may or may not do anything about these recommendations. So what?

I do not suggest that there is very much you and I can do directly to help the exploited workers of Bolivia. We can, however, put pressure on our own government, which is buying most of Bolivia's tin, and which can in turn put pressure on the Peñaranda régime to the effect that the money we pay for that tin should be somewhat more equitably distributed. It seems to me absolutely intolerable that the mining interests should use quotations from President Roosevelt and hide behind commitments to the US government further to justify their actions.

One conclusion is that the war effort itself, and the international commitments that have been made by the American republics to maintain production, may be used, as in the case of the Catavi strike, to destroy the very things for which workers throughout America are fighting. Bolivia is not the only country where workers and peasants have been told that they must reduce even their miserable standards of living, give up their right to organize unions, check in their civil liberties, and lose their land, because Uncle Sam demands it. These workers have no way of knowing that Uncle Sam is demanding nothing more than equality of sacrifice; they have no way of knowing that we are not getting equality of sacrifice even in our own country.

And in Bolivia the inference is as plain as anything can be: the workers of Catavi were massacred because, as they were told, the government had international commitments which left no other course of action open to it. It will take us a long time to win back the confidence of Latin America's workers if this sort of thing is repeated in the name of continental solidarity and the fulfillment of international obligations to deliver raw materials for the prosecution of the war.

The Screen

Action in Bataan, North Atlantic, Egypt

I AM SURE that *"Bataan"* is the bloodiest war picture I have ever seen. Between its noisy opening, which shows a Japanese air raid on Bataan, and its effective final shot in which a machine gun is firing like mad right into the camera, hundreds of people—white, black, yellow and brown—are killed. Many of these, including most of the film's leading characters, are wounded, blown up, shot, stabbed or bayoneted right before your eyes. If the film teaches any one thing, it is that, although the Japanese are a relentless and powerful enemy who will try to kill any and every one who stands in the way, our men are tough too and will fight to the bitter end. "Bataan" shows a small group of American Armed Forces defending a position to the last man.

It is an ill-assorted group who are left under the command of a sergeant (Robert Taylor) to cover a retreat by keeping a bridge demolished, no matter how many Japs may appear to rebuild it each day. There are a couple of professionals in the sergeant's detail, but most of the soldiers are inexperienced, willing but green. The group includes, besides its commander, who is not the typical loud-mouthed movie sergeant, a jitterbug (Desi Arnaz), a Filipino corporal (Roque Espiritu), a conscientious objector serving as a medical (Philip Terry), a Negro who studied for the ministry (Kenneth Spencer), a cynical adventurer (Lloyd Nolan) who formerly deserted from the army, an old-timer (Thomas Mitchell) who complains only of his bunions. Also in this miscellany are a flight lieutenant (George Murphy) who hopes to repair his grounded plane and a sailor (Robert Walker) who is just a youngster thrilled at this glamorous opportunity "to get a Jap." How each of these men proves himself a hero before death picks them off one by one is the theme of

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Robert D. Andrews's grim, humorless screenplay. Tay Garnett has directed it through a series of theatrical contrasts in his exceedingly good cast and in the build-up from a slow, underplayed, suspenseful beginning to a smash, gory climax in which the hand-to-hand fighting is terrific.

Both the underplaying (Murphy talks so low one can hardly hear him) and the screaming battles (you can hear the bayonets squish through a body) are carried to theatrical extremes. Maybe this is true realism; but being in such a fight and watching the movie of such a fight are vastly different experiences. Although not for the squeamish, Irving Starr's production deserves credit for its intentions in portraying what our men went through. The film is appropriately dedicated to the real heroes of Bataan.

Action is the word for *"Action in the North Atlantic."* The film is a tribute to our Merchant Marines, those men who get the goods through to our allies and to our Armed Forces who could not carry on without these valiant sailors. John Howard Lawson's screenplay, based on the book by Guy Gilpatrick, does not have a formal plot as such, but it does have excellent character studies, plenty of fast moving drama and realistic dialogue. Lloyd Bacon has given the whole some first-rate direction which illustrates the power of cinema to portray the dangers, fears and struggles of these men of the sea during wartime when an equally brave enemy stalks abroad to hunt them down. The film opens by introducing us to the five or six leading characters whom we follow throughout. Then it quickly smashes into action when a nazi U-boat torpedoes their ship. Not satisfied with causing this wreck, the sub rams into a lifeboat full of survivors, some of whom are finally rescued and returned to America. The men are by no means beaten by this harrowing experience. We soon find them in action again on a new ship which goes to Nova Scotia where it becomes part of a large international convoy. The major part of the film is taken up with the *Seawitch's* perilous trip to Murmansk, a trip that is fraught with suspense and excitement. If Bacon had not directed this film so well, it might have become just another adventure item. But aided by a good all-around cast (including Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, Sam Levene, Alan Hale, Dane Clark, Dick Hogan) and some beautiful camera work and lighting, "Action in the North Atlantic" stands as one of the best of the war films. It could have been improved by being shortened, for even its emotional thrills and repeated stretches of suspense become monotonous through retelling. But if the film succeeds in convincing even some of us of the submarine danger, it more than serves its purpose. For me, the scene that was the most bitter, even more cruel than the U-boat attacks, was the one in which Bogart enters a saloon, shortly after being rescued from a raft in the ocean, and is calmly greeted with: "Hello, Joe; been away?"

Fast on the heels of "Desert Victory," the most successful documentary film to come out of this war, comes the exciting melodrama, *"Five Graves to Cairo."* Using the same locale as "Desert Victory," "Five Graves" starts with the retreat of the British Eighth Army before the victorious Afrika Korps. Its main action is in Sidi Halfaya to whose deserted hotel comes a British corporal (Franchot Tone) who is sunstruck after a frightful experience of wandering around in the desert. The hotel keeper (Akim Tamiroff) tends him, but the French maid (Anne Baxter) feels no kindliness toward the British who deserted the French after Dunkirk. This threesome are not alone for long. The nazis arrive. And who should select this hotel for billeting but the German High Command itself! What an opportunity for our British corporal, who is mistaken by the Germans for a nazi advance agent. Even Rommel accepts him as a German spy. So of course the Britisher learns the secrets of Rommel's sources of supplies (the five graves were dug years ago when Rommel posed as an archeologist and did some high class planting of provisions). The corporal escapes in time to inform the Eighth Army which gets into action soon thereafter with the battle of El Alamein. This film is fiction, but Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder wrote such a thrilling screenplay (which Brackett produced and Wilder directed) that it carries some conviction in spite of its obvious melodramatics. Its cinema values are outstanding. The camera and the sound track work together well, and the performances, under Wilder's direction, contribute to the successful unity of the picture. Erich von Stroheim, famous for his series of German portrayals in many films, gives a restrained performance as Rommel. Perhaps at times it is too restrained for this type of melodrama. The picture's exaggerated theme calls for high-spirited villainies and hairy-chested heroics. A realistic Rommel, without even a sneer, and the script's occasional thoughtful speeches ring true to type, but are hardly in keeping with the kind of humor represented by the opera-singing Italian officer or the dream-like quality of the picture's beginning, in which a tank runs berserk over the desert. In any case, you may not believe "Five Graves," but you'll never find it dull.

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Editors' Choice

RIDE THIS NIGHT. *Vilhelm Moberg. Doubleday.* $2.50.

BAUDELAIRE THE CRITIC. *Margaret Gilman. Columbia.* $3.00.

ECUADOR. *Albert Franklin. Doubleday.* $3.50.

Torch of Resistance

THERE is something strangely fitting about a Scandinavian novel posing the problem of resistance to oppression. Of course Denmark and Norway are at present languishing under a conqueror's heel. Then too, much of modern Scandinavian literature which is not a cheap imitation of more sophisticated fiction from other lands on the Continent deals with people who are decent but earthy and plain-spoken. So much of it, too, is lyrical in its feeling for meadow, wood and stream. And the deep woods which cover so much of this peninsula serve as a safe place of refuge from either the law or the injustice of one's fellows. Finally, in the best chronicles of these stalwart men and women of the North there is a strong sense of good and evil.

All these are contributory reasons. But more important than all of them combined in explaining the success of this symbolical tale of seventeenth century Sweden is the simplicity with which it poses the problem of resistance to an overlord such as the nazis. In this case the villain is a shadowy nobleman from Germany who had bought up the local tax revenues. He never puts in an appearance but his henchmen proceed to make life miserable for the dozen families of the village. The crisis comes when they are forced to day labor for the manor and all but one capitulate. Svedje thereby condemns himself to the life of a fugitive far from the woman he ardently loves. The question is whether even in the name of human liberty his defiance is really worth the candle. When the odds are so overwhelming is it not better after all to put up with forced labor, excessive taxes and the loss of the right to call much of one's home and community one's own?

From a Christian point of view should not a man be resigned to his lot no matter how galling? For in the hereafter—and for all eternity—the sufferings and injustices of this world will be repaid. Those are the main outlines of the question. If one had no duties to one's fellow man or to his community, or to work for the establishment of God's justice in this world, the case for resignation would be much simpler. But obviously we have these duties to our fellow men here and now. In "Ride This Night" determination to resist brings personal disaster to both hero and heroine. The result is that the villagers revive their love of liberty and resolve never to give in.

The parallel between that humble Swedish village of the seventeenth century and the countries temporarily under the German heel in the twentieth is so striking that the author could not have produced his allegory without conscious design. Not only the nationality of the oppressor, the ruthlessness of his henchmen, the servitude imposed through forced labor and other too familiar elements are present, but there are even a fifth columnist and a weak-spined collaborationist among the village twelve. And as in so many cases in the present day, the first leaders of the opposition, those who are most far-sighted and courageous, are killed off. Again, their patriotism is not in vain, for the villagers are finally aroused to defiance and cooperation with other villagers that inevitably will compass the downfall of the tyrannical German baron. The symbol of this resistance is a flaming cross, carried from community to community by daring night riders. It reminds one of the Klan, but in Sweden of that day it was a symbol of liberty and of faith.

The Part Is the Whole

IT IS not hard to tell why many people are frightened whenever they meet a certain type of book, generally issued by a university press, in which there is not a sentence without a footnote, not the most casual of remarks that is not based on authority. Such books, it is felt, are no more than moves in the academic game: the author's first book means a degree; his second promotion; after ten of them, he is an "authority." Yet, after all, these books are the servants of history, this patient research, this respect for accuracy, save history from being a nightmare dreamed irresponsibly. And it might be better for us if we left aside, if only once a month, facile generalizations about great men, about the past, about the ways in which men have thought in the past, preferring for once the texts of the past, the analysis of some text from the past. For if not all scholarly books are rewarding some are so to a very great degree.

Paradoxically such specialized scholarly work occasionally serves to break down a highly over-specialized conception of some great man. The ignorant, the unscholarly, the popular conception of Baudelaire, for instance, is based almost entirely on the title of his poems which have not been read. He is the decadent poet of flowering evil. It is generally admitted that he was serious about evil and that he paid with his person, with personal and intense suffering, for whatever he knew about evil. A poet of the last century; a very French poet. The popular conception always takes an element or two of the truth but it is always partial, always over specialized.

Miss Margaret Gilman's "Baudelaire The Critic" has a title which would make it look as if she were investigating some one specialized aspect of Baudelaire's thought. It is as if she were saying the whole Baudelaire is well enough known, here is an interesting part of Baudelaire. Of course that is not what she means to say and it is not what she does. For Miss Gilman, looking at Baudelaire's critical work, is looking at Baudelaire's intelligence, and Baudelaire's intelligence dominated his poetry, his criticism and his life—his intelligence was at the center of his life. So that Miss Gilman, working on the sources that fed the critic's intelligence, analyzing how that intelligence worked, actually establishes a reality which has little to do with any popular simplifications.

It is entirely evident from Miss Gilman's book that no one can understand Baudelaire's poetry unless he has read also the critical work. As Miss Gilman points out, Baudelaire did not think of his criticism of painting and music as of less importance than his poems. The poems and the critical work formed part of a whole. On different planes he was constantly attempting to say certain things, certain important things. There was his work as a poet; there was also the work of other artists; there was creative work and, equally important, there was the understanding of work created. And everything, his own work and the work of others, the work of musicians, the work of painters, the work of theologians, was to Baudelaire a labyrinthine approach to a central truth. Edgar Allen

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Poe, and Quincey, Delacroix, Wagner, Joseph de Maistre —these artists were immensely important to him not that he might turn a prettier verse, but because truth was a serious matter, evil an immediate and real presence, beauty an aspect of truth. Tragedy existed because man has to choose, because man has to reason, because man's reason has to choose between terrifying alternatives. Baudelaire's tragedy was on the plane of Catholic metaphysics.

All the quotations in this book are in French and one may as well make up one's mind that one cannot know Baudelaire unless one knows not only French but the French society of his day. The fact that a great man's work will endure forever does not mean that it can be understood outside its framework. The framework for Baudelaire is the French and European nineteenth century belief that art is as serious as life, the Catholic belief that life is serious because of God.

Incan North

DR. FRANKLIN himself informs us that he has a Ph. D. from Harvard. Perhaps this accounts for his somewhat difficult style of writing, which is elliptical, to use the mildest adjective that comes to mind. But his book is none the less a serious piece of work in all the plethora of publications on Latin America provoked by events of our day. Ecuador has most of the problems typical of South American republics, chief among them being rampant economic injustice. It has few problems of its own. And it has those fine assets in intellectual vigor and awareness which are also characteristic of its continent. Those who wish a good selection of books on our Latin neighbors should not miss this one. The author makes his chosen subject live, despite the hurdles of his English, he *likes* Ecuadorians.

More Books of the Week

The English People. D. W. Brogan. Knopf. $3.00.

THE witty Scotch historian who has such competent understanding of his cousins on both sides of the Atlantic is just the person to make the introduction and the people to whom he introduces us are very much closer to the average American than the English of film and fiction. They are a city-dwelling, highly mechanized, industrial people whose favorite game is professional football. The ducal castle and the gaffer-in-the-smock's thatched cottage, like our Colonial manors and Indian pueblos, are so much scenery. There is one fundamental difference, however, and that is that the Englishman is much more interested in being "free" than "equal." He is perfectly willing to pay the bills for royalty and, although it is possible for a factory boy to achieve a peerage, once a peer he enjoys replacing the bars of the social fences. In America these barriers have to be constantly repaired. "In England," says Dr. Brogan, "they are like wild hedges; they grow if left alone." But English snobbery is reserved for other English. Foreigners to them are all alike and the refinements of the American social system—with "her mother was a Biddle"—remain a mystery. Their usages are more realistic and social prestige without proportionate wealth, title or political power is too evanescent a distinction.

But the day when snobbery restricted education to a certain caste ended in 1900 when School Boards were abolished and an education authority established. Before that reform, the really poor boy had practically no chance for anything more than what we call a grammar school. Secondary, or our High School, education existed only in the expensive and exclusive boarding schools, known in England as "Public Schools," whose scholarships were dependent upon a knowledge of the classics which were not taught in the free schools. Now half the scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge are won by boys and girls from the free secondary schools, but English education is still on a highly competitive and selective basis and only 6.6 per cent of the boys and 3.6 per cent of the girls go on from the government secondary schools to college. But once at the University, scholarship pays; Dean Inge made plenty of money out of Greek and it is possible for a brilliant boy to make as much as $2,500 at Cambridge. The future of the Public Schools is now in debate. Their heyday was in 1900 when the upper middle class assimilated through them into their ranks the sons of the moderately rich industrialists. Millionaires' sons, remarks Dr. Brogan, can always look after themselves! It was then that a number of ancient foundations for "pooreboys" met the growing demand by becoming boarding schools for wealthy boys. In 1898, ten out of fourteen of the permanent heads of government departments came from Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester or Charterhouse; in 1938, they accounted for only four. It is in school, not college, that sports are taken seriously. Rugby and cricket are for the amateurs and upper classes, but football takes the place of our baseball for the masses, and the most astute royal move was to make the King's presence the rallying point for the Football Cup Final at Wembly—the equivalent to our World Series. Horse racing heads all sports for all classes and the King and people also come together at Ascot and the Derby when the heath is free. Could it be that the ingrained English passion for competition has something to do with their social system? It is impossible to think of them reconciled to the monotony of collectivism.

The prestige of the Roman Catholics in England, Dr. Brogan feels, is due not only to the intellectual standard of our converts but to the high social order of the pre-Reformation Catholic families. He is pessimistic about the Church of England—the church that the majority stay away from—and deplores the waning use of the Book of Common Prayer. He has two objections to the suggestion of the need of teaching some dogmatic religion in the schools: 1. That, although there is a reservoir of public morality, there is not enough religious belief to carry the weight of a new national religion. 2. That because of Christian individualism, any political structure into whose foundation Christianity is built, is a house divided against itself. He points out that the decline of evangelical religion has loosened one strong bond between America and England for whom Moody and Sankey once played the same melody. He also regrets the decline of the Noncomformist conscience created when the social ignominy of "Chapel" joining bred such spiritually hardy generations.

The average Englishman has very little interest in the problem of Empire or of India. Dr. Brogan considers the relationship between England and India "outrageous and unnatural" but thinks it more due to some abnormality in India than in England and propounds searching interrogation of the intrinsic value of the idea of nationalism now consuming the Indian Congress, for when the ideal of being a nation is seized by the majority of a people,

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what is to prevent the minorities from also becoming separately national-minded? After all the only one common factor on the Indian Peninsula is the dislike of British rule and the English language, which India may retain. The balance of trade between England and India is now in India's favor and her Bombay factories have closed the Lancashire mills. We are reminded that only sentiment and the British Navy hold together the British Empire as dominion status includes independence in tariff, immigration and foreign policy. Not even Crown Colonies have as rigid shipping laws as our Porto Rico and Hawaii.

Even if an Englishman does not consider himself the equal of every other Englishman, he does believe that he has a free hand in the government and when he sends a member to Parliament, he looks at it as a national rather than a local event. Since there are no residential restrictions, an Englishman may run for any seat in England, but the Prime Minister and his Cabinet must all be members of Parliament. With a majority in Commons behind them, there can never be the frustration of our President with his ex-Congressional Cabinet struggling against a hostile Congress with the Supreme Court curbing them all. The Englishman feels that the Parliament he has elected should be given a free rein.

As for national politics, Dr. Brogan believes that "enlightened self interest is the best we can expect from any state." Because he sees a vast difference between personal and national morality, he considers that a completely free moral choice is a luxury that no State can afford. "A man may save his own soul but a State has only one life." Thus he challenges the practical power of Christianity either as a national religion or as a moral ideal for international relations. So far no one seems to have taken up the challenge. E. V. R. WYATT.

History of the English Speaking Peoples. R. B. Mowat and Preston Slosson. Oxford. $4.00.

ON A summer evening, less than a month before the outbreak of this war, I pedaled into the lovely Wiltshire village of Amesbury, and found shelter from the daily rain and lodging for the night in a delightful inn just beyond the ancient parish church. It was a setting designed to charm the lover of England's romantic past, for Amesbury is a part of rural Britain unspoiled by industrialism, and has changed imperceptibly under time's stern pressure. It was bank holiday, when all Englishmen seek refuge in the countryside, and the pub adjoining the inn was overflowing with all types of visitors. I made my way to the bar to drink in some local color with my ale, and to find comfort in companionship after a stimulating but lonely day on a bicycle. In any similar American situation, my obviously "foreign" manner and speech would have at least awakened curiosity; but not in Amesbury. I had the chill feeling of being quietly ignored, and all efforts to open conversation were politely turned aside. Reluctantly I crawled to my chamber to meditate on the social distance which separates people that are basically so alike.

This volume does not answer my query, nor will it resolve all the objections of Margaret Halsey's "With Malice toward Some"; but it is a worthy enterprise and a necessary one. It points out common factors between the British and ourselves which we are apt to stress in time of war and promptly forget in peace. Since our destiny is clearly indivisible, anything that can contribute to the smooth working of the partnership is in the best interest of the world's future. In human history, every question that is settled opens a new one; and the defeat of the Axis will bring into sharper focus the relations of the British Commonwealth and the United States. An intelligent understanding of the community of background would be the best preparation for the problems to come. "The History of the English Speaking Peoples" is an excellent beginning.

The authors are competent historians who use good source material and turn out a smooth flowing narrative. Their volume is popular in the sense that it does not demand wide historical background, and is written down to those who are not conversant with technical jargon. It may not satisfy those who have just finished good college courses; but if the New York *Times* survey is representative, there should be many potential customers even for the section on our own American past.

In keeping with its purpose, the book avoids controverted points or delicate constitutional issues. Note the phrasing: "The Roman conquest of Britain has a less permanent effect than the conquest of Spain and of Gaul" (p. 6); "Though he (Cromwell) did not seek absolute power, he was ready to grasp it whenever it seemed to him that no other course would secure the safety of England, the gains of the Revolution, or the ascendancy of his own Puritan party" (p. 131); "If Britain has often sinned against Ireland, at all events she has been adequately punished, for in each successive generation the Irish question has perplexed British politics!" (p. 393). As in Hollywood divorces, the price of "mental cruelty" comes high! Sometimes unpleasant incidents are glossed over with almost humorous understatement, as when the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 is thus described: "Great Britain assumed entire responsibility for establishing law and order throughout Egypt"; or when the British territorial gains at Versailles were of "secondary value," for although "Iraq had some valuable oil wells," its agricultural possibilities were a disappointment. The description of the government of India as "partly British and partly native," while true, sounds like referring to a drink as partly whiskey and partly lemon. But while it is obvious that the authors are not on a junket to expose the sins of imperialism, they do achieve a remarkable degree of judicial fairness. The treatment of the Reformation is generally impartial and a tremendous improvement on popular English historiography of a generation ago. The American Revolution is stripped of nationalistic bias, and such subjects as India and Ireland are reasonably non-partisan. There may be an effort toward good-will, but no wholesale whitewash.

Two points stand out from this survey. One is the Englishman's ability to make institutions and instruments of others' invention work. Historically, one thinks of trial by jury, the parliamentary system and the common law. A contemporary might add the RAF. The second is the Englishman's terror of extremes. England has never been so loosely organized as feudal France, nor as highly centralized as the France of Louis XIV, nor as egalitarian as the Third Republic, nor as compliant as Vichy. Like a mill wheel, English history revolves at different speeds according to the power of the stream; but its general movement is constant and the change in tempo gradual. Continuity in change is the essence of England and one of the brightest hopes for the future. JOSEPH N. MOODY.

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Tunis Expedition. Darryl F. Zanuck. Random. $2.00.

COLONEL ZANUCK'S book presents a strange anomaly in the working out of things. Zanuck was sent abroad to head the motion picture unit of the United States Signal Corps in North Africa. Late in 1942, he and his camera crew took thousands of feet of film of the war in Algeria and Tunisia, and part of this footage was recently released for the general public in a documentary film called "At the Front." While this picture was interesting historically and factually because it showed our troops landing and going into action, as cinema it was rather uninspired and depended too often on a frenetic narrator to work us up into a pitch of excitement.

"Tunis Expedition" is Colonel Zanuck's day-by-day account of his experiences. It is lively, human and exciting; it excels in just those points that were the film's weaknesses. In other words, this is one case in which a film maker (Zanuck was a big-shot producer at Twentieth Century-Fox) turned out a better book than film. However, in all fairness, it must be understood, and Zanuck makes this clear in his book, that combat camera crews cannot determine their material as a director does on a set, and that tank battles do not make thrilling motion pictures.

What makes Zanuck's book such interesting reading is his fast journalistic style, his refreshing approach to the little incidents as well as the big events of each day's happenings and his unfailing sense of humor. In diary form he reports what he saw and felt from November 2, 1942 when he started out from England, thrilled to be even an "infinitestimal part" of this great venture to win a continent, to December 10 when he was homeward bound to edit the first War Department feature length films photographed in and under actual battle conditions. He includes quick character sketches of Eisenhower, Clark, Darlan, Robert Murphy. He tells what it is like to be in air raids (no Rover Boy stuff; even the bravest men have momentary fright), how it feels to be cringing at the receiving end of the enemy's artillery barrage. He discusses the tangled skein of French politics, the incredibility of actual battle, the impossibility of being impersonal or objective about this war—"after you have seen and felt it."

In spite of the fact that death appears frequently in Zanuck's day-by-day entries, the author always had time to record human interest asides and humorous notes—such as his description of the British major who felt it wasn't quite cricket that he had to stay in charge of Italian prisoners while big things were happening at the front. Perhaps the minor episodes in this book are its greatest assets. There are and will be more weighty tomes on the battle for North Africa. To accompany the best of them, "Tunis Expedition" makes excellent "outside reading."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Arabs. A Short History for Americans. Philip K. Hitti. Princeton. $2.00.

THIS is a condensation of "The History of the Arabs" which Dr. Philip Hitti, Professor of Semitic Literature at Princeton, published in 1937. It is intended primarily for Americans who will have dealings with Arabs during the war or afterwards. Surely, if our soldiers need books to explain to them the ways of the British, there is a place for such a volume as this, for, even more than the puzzling Tommy Atkins, is the Arab a mystery

"This Publishing Business"

MORE ABOUT THE GREAT REPUBLIC

The main weakness in nearly all planning for the organization of peace is failure to see the real nature and essential elements of the problem. Making a strong and lasting peace does not depend on the invention of a new constitution for the human race, but on recognition of membership in that historic and organic community of nations—that "great republic" as Voltaire called it—which has its roots in old Christendom and forms a common moral and political order.

"Wherever," writes Mr. Hoffman, "men are taught by their schools, their churches, and their books that their political and religious institutions have roots running back to Europe, to Rome, to Athens, to Jerusalem, there is the great community. Wherever there is a decent respect for the dignity of man simply *as man*, there is the great community and there its distinctive norms may be seen. Wherever political societies neither deify themselves nor affirm their own exclusive interests to be of absolute value; and wherever their test of membership is neither blood nor religious creed, but acceptance of civic duty, profession or allegiance and recognition of common law, there is the community."

How to organize it harmoniously and in accord with the principles of its being, that is the problem confronting the architects of an intelligently-built peace. Mr. Hoffman is a historian, not a politician, a prophet or a demagogue. He writes in the spirit of Burke, Montesquieu and the great traditions of political thought. In THE GREAT REPUBLIC he presents a strictly historical account of the changing forms of international political society from the Roman Empire to medieval Christendom, to the modern European state-system and its world-wide expansion, to the French Revolution, the Concert of Europe, the League of Nations, the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations.

The book is brief because it is composed in a language that is almost surgically precise in fitting words to historical realities. "We must," says this historian, "review the past experience of our world and seek to discover from history what kind of world that really is.

"It has never been more urgent that we ask ourselves what political community is, and what we mean when we speak of nations and international society. We must gain some right conception of how we came to be what we are. We must read our own nature. We must strive to explain our failures to organize enduring institutions for peace, and history alone provides the answers to these great questions. If we find them and if we are given another chance to rebuild the world, we may proceed to that task with greater wisdom and therefore with greater possibility of success."

THE GREAT REPUBLIC is one of the rare examples of really profound thinking about the contemporary world crisis, and may well come to stand as one of the political classics of our time.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC, a concise historical account of the Idea of an International Community as exemplified in the history of Europe, with an estimate as to the value of this Idea as a contribution toward the organization of peace, by Ross J. S. Hoffman. Price $1.00.

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to the men in our forces: his language, his religion, his clothing, his manner, his traditions are all foreign; he is likely to take offense or to give it because of misunderstanding.

The arrangement of the book is excellent. The habits of the earliest Arabs, the Bedouins, are explained; their courtesy and hospitality to strangers, their raids on enemy tribes, their creed of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" are shown to result from their precarious existence in desert lands. The reader comprehends why they were cruel, and why they did not respond to the ideal of Christian gentleness. The Moslem religion and its tenets are concisely described, the belief in one God and in Mohammed as His prophet. The Arabs' role as transmitters of the culture of Greece and of lands further East to our European forebears will impress the least thoughtful reader, while our amateur philologists will be delighted to learn how many of our nautical, chemical and astronomical terms are of Arabic derivations; and our tyro mathematicians and physicians will enjoy paragraphs on the introduction of the cipher, Arabic numerals and various Near East remedies. For the general reader the book offers a stimulant to memory, facts long dormant spring to mind: one recalls Arab influence on the architecture of Spain and Sicily, for instance, or the part played by the Hispano-Arab Averroës in saving the works of Aristotle for European scholars. Dr. Hitti, a naturalized American, is a native of Mount Lebanon, Syria, and a graduate of the University of Beirut: he knows that the meeting of East and West is fraught with difficulties, and offers a work which will lessen these. Naturally, the style of the book suffers from condensation; it requires careful reading to get proper sequence at times. And those interested in the records of English travelers in the Middle East would like to see a mention here and there of the rich literature of which the uninitiate could so readily be made aware.

D. H. MOSELEY.

Popular Freethought in America, 1825-1850. *Albert Post. Columbia.* $3.00.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY attached to this historical monograph attests to the author's extraordinary reading and research. And yet the book is as pedestrian a piece of writing as could have come out of the schools. Nowhere is it rescued from dullness by incisiveness, interpretation, brilliance or wit. In it there are no hills and valleys. It is plain and straight and level—it is consistently uninspired.

Mr. Post is here dealing with one of the most vital, rebellious, radical, yeasty and vibrant periods of American history. Almost no idea failed to find harbor in some restless mind. The tide of American emotion flowed uncanalized, and even yet one can almost see its white foam crisping against the stars. Minds moved over the ancient religions and abandoned them with all the sure fervor of an undergraduate. Calvinism had run a hundred years and a day, and gone to pieces all at once. Yet Mr. Post's narrative of this vitality leaves untouched my interest and my wonder.

The materials of freethought are made up—as Mr. Post agrees—out of deism. Deism conceives the world as necessarily made by God. But it is a God who is "too great to take a special thought for man: sacrifices, prayers, churches and tales of immortality were invented by rascally priests in order to dominate the foolish." Thus George Santayana describes the deism of his mother.

Now one would have supposed that to throw that sort of articulate belief—or lack of it—into the America of the thirties and forties, to make it compete with the religious beliefs of most Americans would have been to produce the most amazing consternation. Not only was this true, but a fascinating woman, endowed with a variety of coruscating gifts, was the chief advocate of freethought in America. In New York she drew such crowds as few religious preachers could gather today. She and her colleague, Robert Dale Owen, lectured and taught with eloquence and measureless zeal. She was a daring and disturbing image in the mind of Orestes Brownson even after he had become converted to Catholicism.

Miss Frances Wright, that "bold blasphemer and voluptuous preacher of licentiousness," was an advocate of women's rights, free marital union and birth control. She touched and spoiled the first workers' political party in America. She was as class conscious as the *Daily Worker*—but infinitely honest and sincere. "What," she wrote, "distinguishes the present from every other struggle in which the human race has been engaged is that the present is evidently, openly and acknowledgedly a war of class . . . It is the ridden people of the earth who are struggling to overthrow the booted and spurred riders whose legitimate title to work and starve will no longer pass current." All other free thinkers move round her as lesser planets move round their orbit. Yet from Mr. Post's pages she comes with all the excitement of last winter's fascinators.

Nor does Mr. Post account for the failure of freethought to take hold over the masses. He would not appreciate the force of Barrett Wendell's remark about a New Englander's religion as consisting of "reverent unbelief." Nor does he account for the religious zeal of the next decade, when men could accept the lonely fanatic, John Brown, and fight in a war, their zealous eyes made rapturous with the "glory of the coming of the Lord."

I do not question the scholarship that lies behind this book. But in a world of insecurity its future is secure. My daughters—in their twenties—will never disturb its second chapter.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Shadows of the Trees. Jacques Ducharme. Harper. $2.50.

MR. DUCHARME has set himself the task of recording briefly the history, culture and social status of French Canadians who have emigrated to New England and become Franco-Americans. Almost without exception these were simple people who left their homes because of economic pressure and journeyed south to work in the mills. They carried with them much of the same tenacity which in Quebec has preserved intact for so many centuries both their religion and their language and their customs. Their first thought, as soon as they were able seriously to entertain it, was to build a "French" church and a French school. The result is that for several decades they have maintained throughout New England a cultural pattern alien to New England, though by no means unsympathetic to the New England pattern itself. Of course they have been exploited, and it is a question whether their emigration in the long run has been for the best. But in any case it is an accomplished fact, and it has carried with it great and enduring values. Mr. Ducharme has broken new ground and has done his task moderately well, despite his besetting sin of superficiality. His volume is no negligible addition to the sort of literature Mr. Adamic has been so busy promoting these last few years.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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The Transition from War to Peace Economy. League of Nations. Columbia. $1.00.

AN APRIL 1943 report drawn up by a special Delegation of the League Council which approaches this problem from an international viewpoint. It stresses the importance of laying the plans now and points out that economic nationalism is sure to be the result of any serious postwar depression. A leading objective is "maintaining . . . the high levels of production and employment achieved in wartime."

The World of the Four Freedoms. Sumner Welles. Columbia. $1.75.

TWELVE important addresses of our internationally-minded Under Secretary of State, delivered in the course of the past three years, comprise this concise volume. Special emphasis on Pan Americanism, collective security and the Four Freedoms.

With a Merry Heart. Edited by Paul J. Phelan. Longmans. $3.25.

AN INCURSION into a field where some latitude must be allowed for personal tastes. A few gleams set off a generally drab performance. The contrast, for instance, between Bruce Marshall (a bit from "Father Malachy's Miracle") and the rest of the anemic fiction section is quite typical. Too much waste land between the high spots. Even Dr. Angelicus and the "Quiet Corner" excerpted from THE COMMONWEAL seem remarkably unfunny, for here is an echo of the urbane humor of a quieter day.

Most of the high spots in this anthology are English. Among the most welcome—although this is admittedly a special taste—are excerpts from Father Ronald Knox. Even here it is typical of the author's acumen that he leaves out the titles without which the Knox limericks lose half their punch. But it is the dross which an anthologist lugs in that really gives him away.

War Discovers Alaska. Joseph Driscoll. Lippincott. $3.00.

THIS is an informal, up-to-date travel book based on interviews gathered (via plane) with people all over the territory. To collect these inside stories the author covered many thousands of miles. Against a background of old Alaskan characters is a wealth of new material including General Corlett's own victory garden wrestled from the rocks of Kodiak, the engineering genius that is making the Alcan Highway possible and Alaska's place in the war with Japan. ALMA SAVAGE.

CONTRIBUTORS

Christopher MORLEY, JR., has recently returned from 16 months in the Near East with the American Field Service. He is now in this country, and will shortly join the Armed Forces.
Tom BOGGS, indefatigable lyricist and anthologist, now lives in New York; the present poem is to appear in his forthcoming volume of verse, "Arenas."
Most Rev. James H. RYAN is Bishop of Omaha, and was formerly Rector of the Catholic University of America.
Martin C. KYNE is vice-president of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America, CIO, and a member of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.
E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for *The Catholic World.*
Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is now serving as a chaplain in the US Navy.
D. H. MOSELEY frequently contributes to THE COMMONWEAL.
Francis DOWNING is Assistant Educational Director of the United Auto Workers of America in Detroit, Mich.
Alma SAVAGE is the author of several children's books on Alaska.

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OF BOYS TOWN SAYS:
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By Tommy Wadelton
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